P.E. 2000

Puff Daddy

Hey yo Puff, check this out pa
I'm tired of niggas hating on a mutha fucka
Let's take it to the next millennium on these bitches
You got to keep bubblin on em
Platinum doublin on em, fuck these niggas
Hey yo, I bumped into these cat an' they was like,
"Yeah, what up wit that nigga Puff he swear he nice"
I said yo, the brother dont swear he nice he knows he nice
You public enemy number one right now
But Fuck that there spit that hydro-ghetto shit

Let's go
That's that shit right here, whom shall I fear
Throw your guns in the air
Socialize, get down, let your ssoouull lead the way
Cause i'm that enemy that you can't see
But you wanna be you ain't shit to me
Playa, It ain't hard for you to get to me
Playa, my real dogs they'll spit for me
So if you want whats mine, you gots to have the heart
I've seen em come and I've seen em part
If you ain't want beef then why did you start?
Front from the light catch shots after dark
Suffer, duck or you'll catch these
On the spot, red dots make em all believe
Ain't nobody kicking the rhymes like these
See I do the things that they can't achieve
So don't start bassin' n' I'll start pacing
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
More hotter than the sun
I'm living on the run
Because i'm public enemy number one

One,One,One,One,One
One,One,One,One,One

Let me ask you, what you got against me?
Is it my girl or is it the bentley?
Is it my house or maybe its all three
I just came up and you're all against me
Now ask yourself, why is he number one?
Now ask yourself, who's done what he's done?
Then ask yourself, you're fit for the long run?
You think its a game cause you fucked the wrong one
Always with God and I don't swing solo
Never back down when I gotta throw dolo
Wanna see me out, but I just won't go though
Pretty young things wanna have my photo
One in the room hangin' on the wall
In rememberance that I rocked 'em all
Got no time for those that think small
Grill me in the club cause they can't ball
Hate shot callers
Hate them ballers

Back in control now I call orders
It's no fun fleeing under the gun
Cause they got me public enemy number one

All you suckers, liars, court testifiers
Wanna infiltrate and break my empire
I spit lines, hit rhymes
Keep dimes sweating
Giving them the juice that they're not gettin'
A bona fide playa, now who got the flavor
A non stop, rhythm rock, poetry sayer
I'm the life saver, the New York mayor
Before you try me, you better say your prayers
My word to the wise is: "Do not cry"
You know that i'm gone then say don't die
I take what I find, put a beat to they rhyme
Thought it was over but I crept from behind
Wanna try to stop me from speaking my mind
Almost 2000 and running out of time
Almost to the point when I wanna bust nines
A lot of strange faces, I can only trust mine
Soldiers in position all on the front line
Don't make a move till I give them the sign
Known as the poetical, lyrical, miracle son
Because i'm public enemy number one

Yeah yeah, that's right Puff
That's what I'm talkin about love
Sparklin and glistenin on these motherfuckers
These niggas is walkin around like little bitches
Talkin about what you got and what they ain't got
They got a little jealous and wanna bring you down
But fuck dat, they just mad
Cause you got all the ladies
And you pushin them bentleys, not mercedes, bentleys
You know? and thats just the way the story goes
And thats just the way the story goes
Fuck you niggas and hoes

You think i'ma come this far and let you niggas stop me now?
Haha picture that....number one, number one, number one
B-I-G forever... rock on

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